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THE MEETING BETWEEN HECTOR AND ZILLAH.

## THE INDIAN NABOB: OR, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER LVIII.—AT MOORSBEDABAD AGAIN, WHERE  
HECTOR DARE HEARS TIDINGS OF ZILLAH.

You will be kind enough, Archie, to suppose that  
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ten days have passed away, and that our army is  
at Moorsshedabad. In these ten days, what a re-  
volution has been wrought! As a reward for his  
treachery, and in pursuance of a promise previously  
given, Meer Jaffier is raised to the musnud, or

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throne, of his deposed sovereign. Nominally, he will thenceforth be Subahdar; but the power of government is in the hands of the victorious British.\* The deposed sovereign, friendless in his adversity, has been brought back to his former capital, a captive, and foully assassinated by a youth whom probably he himself had trained to faithlessness and cruelty.† And Omichund—the man whose disappointed avarice had probably set in motion the train of events which I have briefly sketched, and who was ready to sell himself and his services to the highest bidder—has fallen into the trap which he himself had laid. His treachery is met by equal treachery; and he finds himself cast aside, despised and ruined. You have read the history of the transactions of our countrymen with this unhappy man, Archie; and they need no comment of mine. Only let me say that I can never call them to mind but with a blush of shame, that Englishmen should have been guilty of the deception which, however base the man might be, made Omichund a victim of perfidy. A few months later, and the once enormously rich merchant died in comparative poverty of circumstances, and in a state of mental imbecility.

During these ten days I had seen little of Hastings; and on the few occasions on which we had met, he had been too busy to exchange more than hasty greetings. The course of events had, in fact, brought him back to his former sphere of labour; not indeed to the Factory of Cossimbazar, for that had been destroyed by fire, it was said at the suggestion of our French rivals, but to Moorsshedabad; and his services appeared indispensable to his superiors. As for myself, Archie, now that the excitement of actual warfare seemed to be over, my mind reverted to its former gloom. Thoughts of my own folly, and anxiety for Zillah and her grandfather, destroyed my rest by night, my peace by day. Strange, too, I had never yet been able to gather an atom of intelligence concerning them. And yet, perhaps, this was not strange, considering the state of confusion into which the whole province had been thrown by recent events.

I, as well as all our fellow countrymen, were lodged within the walls of the very palace from which, two years before, I had seen emerge that gorgeous wedding procession of the unhappy young Shahzada. Our leaders had taken possession of the palace itself; and the little British army was encamped in the extensive grounds and gardens

surrounding it. How little did Surajah Dowlah then anticipate the catastrophe towards which his evil passions were hurrying him, or imagine that in two short years the hated English Feringhis, on whom he scowled with indomitable malignity, would hold possession of his palace, his capital, and the treasures of his kingdom; while he would have had meted out to him that which he had so often meted out to others. Here was a fertile theme for moralizing, Archie; but my thoughts were then more concentrated on my own perplexities.

Though quartered within these palace walls, we did not need them for protection. The army of fifty thousand, so lately opposed to us, was partly dispersed, and that portion which remained now acknowledged another master, and he was our ally—I may almost say, our puppet and slave. And the population of Moorsshedabad were ready to hail the English as deliverers from a tyrant before whom they had reason enough to tremble.

Thus, in the leisure which was then enforced upon me—for my occupation, either as clerk, secretary, or soldier, was for the time suspended—in that leisure, I say, I often, without dread of insult or interruption, and much less real danger, walked alone in the streets of the city, or by the river side.

On one occasion I was joined by Warren Hastings.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Anywhere," said I gloomily.

"That is just where I am going," said he gaily; and he took my arm. "Come, Dare," he added, as we walked off together, "you must brighten up your solemn phiz; yours is the only sorrowful white countenance in Moorsshedabad."

"Have I not reason to be sorrowful?" I asked, reproachfully: for I had told Hastings what my troubles were.

"Yes and no. But cheer up. 'The course of true love never did run smooth,' you know. Be patient: you will hear of this damsel-errant some of these days."

"Don't jest about it, Warren," said I, rather roughly, for I was scandalized by the light manner in which he presumed to speak of Zillah.

"Well, I won't, then," he responded, good-naturedly; "for I feel for you as much as can reasonably be expected—not being in love myself. But we won't say any more about it. I want you to congratulate me."

"On what account?"

"On my promotion. I told you I had got a good patron in Warren Hastings, and he has not deceived me. This kind, good friend has recommended me to our fire-eating colonel, and he has ordered me to lay down my musket and take up the pen again."

"No great promotion that, unless you are tired of soldiering," said I.

"I am and I am not. Perhaps I can fight as well as Dick or Bob or Jack; but it isn't my vocation, for all that. Without joking, however, Clive has found out that I have got something in my head, I suppose. By the way, you should have heard him trying to splutter Hindostanee to Meer Jaffier, the other day, till the poor new Subahdar was at his wit's ends; for he could not

\* Meer Jaffier was, three or four years after his accession to the throne, deposed by the English. His character was very despicable; but we cannot dwell upon this, nor follow out his history here.

† The night after his flight, the wretched young fugitive sought concealment in a deserted garden. In the morning, a man of low rank, whose ears Surajah Dowlah had, in a fit of rage and cruelty, some time before ordered to be cut off, discovered him, and gave notice to his pursuers of his retreat. He was secured and brought before Meer Jaffier. "There, he flung himself on the ground in convulsions of fear, and with tears and loud cries implored the mercy which he had never shown. Meer Jaffier hesitated; but his son Meeran, a youth of seventeen, who in feebleness of brain and savageness of nature greatly resembled the wretched captive, was implacable. Surajah Dowlah was led into a secret chamber, to which, in a short time, the ministers of death were sent. In this act the English bore no part; and Meer Jaffier understood so much of their feelings that he thought it necessary to apologise to them for having avenged them on their most malignant enemy."—*Macaulay's "Lord Clive."*

venture to say that he didn't understand a word of the colonel's barbarous lingo. I couldn't help laughing, Dare; for it was a curious compound of all sorts of languages but the right—Portuguese, English, and Mumbo-Jumbo. But I offered myself as an interpreter, and was accepted.\*

"Well?"

"Well. I am now the Company's agent at this new court," said Hastings, exultingly.

"I congratulate you on your rise, with all my heart," I said. "Your ambition now is satisfied, I should think."

"Ahem!" said he: "we shall see. But I have something else to tell you. Your old friend, Alee Gohur of the desert, is in Oude, cooped up somewhere, in some fortress or other: and I am commissioned to visit this Great Mogul in embryo."

"Ah!" said I.

"Yes; and I want you to go with me. A little trip of five or six hundred miles will do you good; and, as you have been the road before——"

"Excuse me," I said, rather proudly; for my mind was sore, Archie; and I fancied that Hastings—not so much older than myself, after all—was setting himself up for my "patron" as well as his own: "I have no wish to travel that road again," I added.

"Not if!"—he began in reply; but I did not wait to hear more; for at that moment I caught a glimpse of a personage whom I had never expected to meet with again.

We had by this time reached the bank of the river; and among the natives clustered on the ghaut was—I could not be mistaken—HALDHAR, my dear friend Dalzell's syce or groom, whose last appearance to me, you will recollect, Archie, was while swinging on those delectable hooks at the festival at Agra.

To dash forward, to seize Haldhar by his cummerbund, to shout his name, were the impulses of a moment.

Thus secured and accosted, Haldhar turned quickly upon me; and the look of abject terror depicted in his countenance, I have never forgotten. There was a confession of crime and guilt in every strong convulsion of his muscles. I remembered then that Mr. Dalzell was said to have been treacherously assailed by his own servants, after we had parted company; and I could easily connect in my mind the devoteism and fanaticism I had witnessed in the groom, with the treachery of which I had heard.

"Dog!" I exclaimed, almost beside myself with excitement, "where is your master?"

"Sahib, my master is there:—" and he pointed

\* "It is remarkable," we are told, "that, long as Clive resided in India, intimately acquainted as he was with Indian politics and with the Indian character, and adored as he was by his Indian soldiery, he never learned to express himself with facility in any Indian language. He is said indeed to have been sometimes under the necessity of employing, in his intercourse with natives of India, the smattering of Portuguese which he had acquired, when a lad, in Brazil." On occasion of the installation of Meer Jaffer, "Clive led the new Nabob to the seat of honour, and placed him on it;" but in addressing him and his court, "he was compelled to use the services of an interpreter." History does not tell us who this interpreter was; but it tells us that "the quick eye of Clive soon perceived that the head of the young volunteer—Warren Hastings—would be more useful than his arm; and that when, after the battle of Plassey, Meer Jaffer was proclaimed, Hastings was appointed to reside at his court as agent for the Company."

upwards, striving at the same time to release himself from my grasp; but I held him too tightly to permit his escape.

"This will not serve," I said; "I mean your earthly master: where is Mr. Dalzell?"

"The Sahib Dalzell is——yah Hyder!" shouted he, as he adroitly slipped the fastening of his cummerbund, and, having it in my hands as he broke from me, plunged into the river, whence he turned round upon me with an insulting gesture and look of defiance, before he swam away.

I should have followed him, encumbered as I was with my European dress, and inferior also as I was to him in agility in what was his accustomed element; but, in my turn, I was arrested.

"Leave me alone, Hastings, or I shall do you a mischief," I said, turning on my companion, who had laid hold on my arm, and who had heard and witnessed what had passed. "I must—you don't know how much depends on it," I added piteously; "I must not lose sight of that villain."

"Nay, but hear me, at all events," said Hastings; "for I can tell you all that you would learn from that villain, as you call him. I was going to tell you—the words were on my lips when you caught sight of him—Mr. Dalzell and Zillah are under the protection of Alee Gohur, and safe. Now will you travel with me into Oude?"

#### CHAPTER LIX.

##### THE LAST.

A WEEK had passed away; and we had reached within a few miles of Cawnpore: we—there were but us two Englishmen, Warren Hastings and myself—with some half score of native guards. Even these were not needed; for the terror or the admiration, perhaps both, of the whole country had been drawn out towards the English Sahib log, by the battle of Plassey, and none would have dared or cared to harm us had we travelled alone. We were on horseback; and our journey had been made in long and rapid stages; almost silently, also, for my thoughts were too agitated to allow of expression; and my companion kindly and tenderly did not urge me to conversation. Only, he told me briefly what I must as briefly repeat here, that only on the morning of that day on which I had encountered Haldhar, tidings had been brought to Clive of the safety of Mr. Dalzell and Zillah, as guests of Alee Gohur, who had ere this been compelled to take refuge in Oude from his persevering enemies, the Mahrattas. As briefly, he had told me of the mutiny which had broken out in Mr. Dalzell's retinue, on receipt of the fatal and mysterious chapatties, and the news of Aliverdi's death, at two or three days' journey from Agra, in which mutiny only Hassan the havildar, and two or three of the guards, had remained faithful; and in which all would inevitably have been slain but for the sudden and casual appearance of Alee Gohur and his attendants, near whose residence the mutiny had transpired, and who rescued Mr. Dalzell, though severely wounded, while the treacherous guards and servants made off with the greater part of their plunder. All this was told me by my companion; but of the particulars of Zillah's flight he knew nothing, save that the Burra Beebee was the guest of Alee Gohur, and was attended with due honour.

A week, then, had passed away; and before us was the fortress of Bithoor,\* the temporary residence of the heir of the royal house of Delhi, and the refuge of—

Archie, I have put off to this almost last page of my memoirs, the full disclosure of my life-long grief; and how shall I write it down now? My words must be few; for my hand falters, and my heart throbs quickly.

We entered the fortress. At the gate we were met by the faithful Hassan, who uttered a cry when he saw me.

"Allah Kereem!" he said.

A few minutes, which seemed like hours, and we were in the presence of Alee Gohur.

He grasped my hand, and looked, as I thought, compassionately upon me.

"Allah is merciful!" he said also.

Alas! I knew that some misfortune impended, and my breath came thick. "Tell me, tell me all!" I exclaimed in agony.

"Allah Kereem!" I heard in reply: and Maa-zulla stood by my side.

"Come with me, Sahib," he whispered sadly, as I clasped his hand convulsively. I obeyed, and my companion Hastings remained behind with the young prince.

We passed through many arched passages, silently; then the door of a chamber was opened, and on a bier lay a corpse. I sprang forward: his toils and cares were over—his—Mr. Dalzell's.

"The angel of death came at sunrise this day, Sahib," said Maa-zulla. "Allah Kereem!"

"Had he been long ill?" I gasped.

The Sahib Dalzell had never recovered from the effects of his wounds, I was told; and, unable to leave his couch, he had sent Hassan for me and Zillah many months ago. I was absent at Madras; but the Burra Beebee would come; and Maa-zulla, when he knew how he had wronged her, had assisted in her flight, and, jointly with his brother, had guarded her from danger.

"Zillah, Zillah!" I cried, "lead me to her."

"The Burra Beebee's ayah is here, Sahib;" and turning, I saw the old native nurse whom I had known in Calcutta, and who had loved Zillah as her child. It was she who had held her, when an infant, in her arms, when that infant's grandfather had first smiled on the fatherless one—so soon to be motherless also.

The ayah's withered cheeks were wet with tears, and she beckoned me to follow her. She could not speak.

And there was Zillah. She saw me enter the room; she came forward to meet me, breaking through a circle of female attendants; she looked sweetly and confidently into my face, her eyes overflowing; she pressed her lips to mine. "This is kind," she whispered: "I have waited for you long; oh, how long!" she said, sadly: "but I knew you would come some day: *brother*, dear *brother*! And you will never leave me again; for I have no one else but you now, you know: you will never leave me again."

"Never, never, NEVER," I sobbed convulsively, "Zillah, my love, my *sister*."

In the wandering of her dark glistening eye; in the tones of her voice; in the name by which she called me; and, more than all, if more were needed, in the compassionate glances of all around, I read that Zillah would thenceforth be only a sister to me, and I to her a brother: for mind, judgment, and memory were lost—lost.

We buried the dead out of our sight, Archie; and then we prepared to return, for the mission to Alee Gohur was soon performed. The softest of palanquins, the gentlest of bearers, the most assiduous of friends, the most faithful of guards, were Zillah's: and she smiled as I rode by her side, and she called me—brother, brother.

We reached Moorshedabad in safety: we passed on to Calcutta. Mr. Dalzell's property had not been greatly diminished, though his house was in partial ruins. We had this restored, however, and Zillah once more trod its matted floors, and gazed on its ornamented walls; but she had no memory for it. Once, a look of partial intelligence lighted up her lovely countenance, and her lips parted, as though she were about to speak; but she did not: she only put her hand to her forehead, and pressed her temples as I had seen her grandfather press his before. "Brother," she said at last, "I thought—I thought—but it is no matter. You will never leave me, will you?"

Years passed away, Archie; and gradually I became rich—richer than many others who had larger opportunities than mine; for I had few wants, and all my earthly thoughts were centred in Zillah, my *sister*. She wanted nothing: she had kind attendants, faithful friends, and a loving brother. She was very, very gentle.

"Brother! dear brother!" she said, one evening, when I sat by her side, looking from the balcony on to the river, where so many years before I had sat with her grandfather; "Brother, look at this: you need not read it all, though, for it will make you sad;" and she drew from her bosom the letter I wrote to her at Fulta—that last, last letter. "He wrote it," she whispered confidently, leaning over me, while my hands trembled, and tears gushed from my eyes: "it was cruel, was it not? but you must not be angry with him. He did not mean it: and I think I shall see him again some day: but it seems a long time—doesn't it to you, brother?"

Years passed away. I had passed through many hardships, and sorrow (not selfish sorrow, I trust and believe) had set its stamp upon my countenance; but I had found peace, Archie—peace with God, through the Lord Jesus Christ. Ah, it was good for me that I was afflicted.

Well, years passed away, and I sat in the old library with Zillah. We read; at least I read to her, and she listened; she would listen only when I read to her: the best of books was before me: it had been my solace and comfort in the house of my pilgrimage, and so had it been hers also; for her mind was not so entirely beclouded, that glimpses of heavenly light and knowledge, and faith and love, had found no entrance. Oh, Archie! our heavenly Father and gracious Saviour had pitied and blessed the poor torn, bleeding lamb,

\* Can this be the Bithoor, rendered so famous (or rather so infamous) now, just a hundred years later, as the residence of the monster Nana Sahib?



and brought it to the safe fold. Well, Archie, I was reading that chapter which, most of all, I think, she loved to hear—"Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, ye may be also."

I had read as far as this, when Zillah uttered a cry of pain. I looked up; and one of her hands was placed on her forehead, pressing it so tightly that her delicate fingers seemed imbedded into her throbbing temples, while the other was held out to me. "Brother! brother!" she whispered faintly.

I caught her in my arms ere she had sunk to the ground. "It is come at last," she sobbed; and a smile of unearthly radiance lighted up her pale, death-stricken features, with a look of restored intelligence and happy surprise:—"It is come at last, and I am so glad:—Hector—husband—dear husband, I see it all now. It will be but for a little time, you know."

I cannot go on, Archie. Why did I think I could write this part of my history?

We buried poor Zillah beside her mother: there were three mourners—Zillah's poor old ayah, Warren Hastings, and I. There were two sympathizing spectators standing a little way off—the two Mahomedan brothers, Maazulla and Hassan.

How, after this, I accompanied Warren Hastings in his successful course, enjoyed his friendship, in some measure shared his triumphs over envious factions, and saw him raised to the dignity he merited; and how, satisfied with the smaller honours which had fallen to my share, as well as, I hope, chastened and instructed by the things I had suffered, I was enabled at length to accomplish my youthful desire to return to the home of my ancestors, by fulfilling my boyish promise to my father, that, with God's help and blessing, I would win it back again—all this, Archie, you know; and here I close my history. Does it seem to you a dreary one? Ah! Archie, life is not all sunshine; and it is well for the young to recognise it as the period of vicissitude and trial—looking for permanent felicity only in that land where there is fulness of joy and rivers of holy pleasure that flow for ever.

### THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

A HUNDRED years ago the wife of a shepherd—who tended his master's flocks on the pastures of Dumfries-shire, and in the neighbourhood of Westerkirk—gave birth to a son. The father died in the same year that the child was born, and thus poor Janet, the widow, was left to struggle as she best might in the endeavour to bring up her fatherless boy. She worked hard day and night, and all the harder that she had to rely solely upon herself, there being no one else to whom she could look for a helping hand. But Janet appears not to have been one of the grumbling or complaining sort: she put her shoulders to the wheel, as a matter of course; the thing had to be done, and she did it, and that with hearty, constant reso-

lution, keeping a cheerful spirit against difficulties, and a cheerful face to the world through all her toils. By-and-by, as soon as the little fellow was old enough, she put him to the parish school of Westerkirk, that he might get a little learning. Some silly, lazy women would have sent the child forth to beg. Janet would almost as soon have laid him in his grave: it was never in the stanch Scotch heart of her to beg for him herself, much less to set her darling at it.

At school, little Tam soon began to manifest a remarkable something that was different from other boys. It was not so much talent and precocity—for he was never extraordinarily quick at anything—as it was a decided hungering and thirsting after knowledge, especially knowledge of a practical kind. He was always wanting to know how to do a thing, and would never willingly rest without putting the knowledge he gained, if that were at all possible, to the test of experience. Tam could only attend the school during the four months of winter; for, being old enough for school, he was old enough for work, and therefore in the summer he had to be off to the hill-sides, looking after the flocks of sheep, as his father had done before him. But boys do not get all their schooling within the walls of the school; at least Tam did not. He rummaged the cottages of all the neighbours for whatever books they had got, and these he carried off to the pastures with him, and studied them there. Then there was the glorious open face of Nature before him; the misty crags, garmented in thunder when the gloom of the tempest came and wrapped him in its shadow; the warbling of the lark, high up in the blue depths of the summer sky; the dash of the foaming torrent down the ravine; the glassy surface of the silver tarn, lulled in the bosom of the mountain. These were Tam's schoolmasters, quite as much as was the dominie of Westerkirk; and these it doubtless was that mingled with the practical bias of the lad's mind a profoundly imaginative element, which the contact of the world in after life never dissipated, and the effect of which it is not difficult to trace in the works he left behind him.

Tam grew in time a sturdy, industrious lad, stout of heart and brawny of limb; and with the knowledge he had gained it is no wonder that, as his powers expanded, he made up his mind to quit his dreamy calling, and be something better than the guardian of another man's sheep. At that time the Government, as much for political reasons as any other, were extending and perfecting the road communication throughout the whole of Scotland, and building no end of bridges over the mountain streams. Tam got himself apprenticed to a stone-mason, and bore a hand in the labour at once. The occupation suited him exactly, and he wrought at it for years, toiling manfully in the open air by day, and greedily devouring at night, by the light of his mother's fire in her humble cottage, as many books of all sorts as he could beg, buy, or borrow. He was noted far and wide for his animal spirits. At this youthful period, mere existence was to him a real delight, and the joy of his heart bubbled over in innocent waggishness, frolic, and laughter. Folk said that the bare sight of him was a cure for the blues; he had at all times a merry word and a smile for

everybody, and the people of the district called him "Lauchin' Tam." But Tam was not always laughing; he was thinking a good deal at times, and it was at this period that he passed through that phase of mental existence to which most thinkers are in their youth subject, and which finds its expression in verse—verse that may be poetry or may not, according to circumstances. Ruddiman's "Weekly Magazine" was then circulating in Scotland, and now Tam figured in it as a contributor. We quote one verse of his lyrics, not on account of its merit, but because it evidently refers to himself. It runs thus:—

"Nor pass the tentie curious lad,  
Who o'er the ingle hangs his head,  
And begs of neighbours books to read;  
For hence arise  
Thy country's sons who far are spread,  
Baith bold and wise."

It is plain that that is Tam himself, reading the borrowed books at his mother's fire, and it is not bad; but Tam wrote many better, and they were published in the magazine under the signature of "Eskdale Tam." Some of his verses, inscribed to Robert Burns, were afterwards reprinted by Dr. Currie, in his *Life of the famous poet*.

In 1780, Tam—now a man of good working capabilities, of honest ambition, of unblemished character, and his own master—set out for Edinburgh, in search of better employment and better means of self-improvement than his native district afforded him. He seems to have overpassed the verse-making phase of existence by this time, and was turning the whole force of his faculties towards the attainment of excellence in his profession. He worked as a mason in Edinburgh for two years, and all that time he spent the hours not devoted to labour in the study of the principles of architecture, and the acquisition of skill as an architectural draughtsman.

In 1782, feeling that he was now competent to make his way, Tam set out for London. On his arrival, he made himself known as an Eskdale man, to Mr. John Pasley, a wealthy merchant, of Eskdale origin, who received him kindly, and gave him introductions to others, who were of service to him. Tam was fortunate enough to get employed at the quadrangle of Somerset Place Buildings, and there he acquired much practical information, both in the useful and ornamental branches of architecture, and in the course of his two years' residence in London, had opportunities of examining the numerous public buildings which ornament the metropolis. Here also he became acquainted with Sir W. Chambers and Mr. Robert Adam, the two most distinguished architects of the day.

During all this time Tam, we may be certain, made the best use of his faculties, and lost no opportunity of storing his mind with all the details, whether grand or minute, of his chosen profession. We have the best proof that he did so, in the fact that at the end of two years he was appointed as overlooker, to proceed to Portsmouth Dockyard to superintend the building of a house for the resident commissioner. He was employed in the Dockyard for three years, building not only the commissioner's house, but a new chapel; and during this time he had opportunities of observing

the various operations necessary in the foundation and construction of graving-docks, wharves, walls, and similar works, which afterwards became his chief occupation.

When all his engagements at the Dockyard were fulfilled, Tam was invited into Shropshire, to superintend alterations about to be made in the Castle of Shrewsbury. This, and other works in the neighbourhood, committed to him, he executed so well that he was elected and appointed Surveyor of Public Works for the county of Shropshire.

We must now drop the familiar "Tam," and take up the designation which the laughing laddie of Eskdale has earned for himself. Laughing Tam is now Mr. Thomas Telford, the engineer, and his history from this period downwards would be but part of the history of engineering in this country, for which the science of the engineer has done so much. Our limits will not allow us to record at any length the characters of the great works which made the name of Telford celebrated throughout the world, and loaded it with honours. His first remarkable exploit was the conducting of the Ellesmere Canal, over the River Dee, at the height of seventy feet above the bed of the river—a work which was completed in 1801. His next great work was that of the Pontcysyllte Aqueduct, which crosses the Dee at the height of one hundred and twenty-seven feet. A far greater work than either awaited him, and that was the formation of the Caledonian Canal, by which the eastern and western seas of Scotland are united. This immense undertaking was begun in 1803, and finished in 1822, and has been described as the grandest specimen of inland navigation in the world. The public clamoured much at the long delay and at the cost, which, owing to unforeseen difficulties, doubled the original estimate; and Telford, to stop the ignorant outcry, was obliged to open the canal for navigation while it was yet in an unfinished state. It is only since his death that his designs have been fully carried out, and the public made aware of the injustice of their complaints. He did not himself resist the clamours of the day, but gave way to them, leaving the vindication of his character to time.

In 1808, Telford was invited over to Sweden, to project a canal from the Bereneau to the Baltic. He executed the task with his usual promptitude and success; and on its completion he received the Swedish order of knighthood, and the portrait of his Swedish Majesty, set in diamonds.

But the most striking and most difficult of all Telford's achievements was the Menai Suspension Bridge, which stretches across the Menai Strait at a height sufficient to allow the tallest masted vessel to pass under, and connects the counties of Anglesey and Carnarvon. This work is even yet the finest of the kind in the world; for though the suspension bridge at Fribourg, in Switzerland, is longer, it is much inferior, both in design and workmanship. Compared with the Britannia Tubular Bridge, wonderful as that is, the Menai is by far the more graceful and picturesque structure, and, considering the state of mechanical science at the time of its erection, was probably as difficult in accomplishment. It was begun in 1819 and finished in 1826, at a cost of £120,000.

The robust health which Telford enjoyed up to

threescore and ten, gave way in 1827, when he suffered a severe illness. He lived, however, seven years longer, and died at his house in London, in the year 1834. He left a thousand pounds to endow a library in his native parish, where he had so much felt the want of books; and the like sum for the same purpose in Llangollen, where he had learned his trade.

Telford's life teems with fine examples. He was essentially a worker, never looking to another to do his work for him. He was never a grumbler, but was remarkable for cheerfulness almost to his final hour. He cultivated the soil of his mind to the last—studying French, Latin, German, and general literature, by way of recreation, in the midst of the great works on which he was engaged. He was one of the best of sons; he provided for his widowed mother with a tender and liberal care; he wrote to her regularly when he grew rich and honoured, as he had done when he was only poor and industrious; and in order that the old dame, who could not read writing, might be able to read them herself, he wrote his letters to her in large print-shaped characters. That single fact is, to our thinking, more to his credit and to the honour of his memory, than any amount of gold he could have lavished on her. Lastly, Telford was a man of pure morals and unblemished integrity.

The literary works which he left behind him were but few. With the exception of his personal memoirs, they were all essays of a professional kind, and are to be found in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia."

The son of the Dumfries-shire shepherd lies buried in Westminster Abbey, among the rest of the wise and the renowned, whose deeds have benefited mankind.

### SAINT HELENA.

The island of St. Helena lies almost central in the Atlantic Ocean, about mid distance between the coasts of Africa on the east, and South America on the west, and considerably more than a thousand miles from either. The nearest point of land to St. Helena is the small island of Ascension, and that is not less than six hundred miles distant.

St. Helena was first discovered by John de Niva, the Portuguese navigator, in the year 1502, and it received its name from the circumstance of the discovery taking place on the 21st of May, the anniversary of Helena, mother of Constantine the emperor. De Niva found the island uninhabited, but, sensible of its importance to navigators as a place of rendezvous and refreshment during a long voyage, he recommended his countrymen to retain it, and the Portuguese, in consequence, stocked it with goats, swine, and other animals, intended to furnish supplies of fresh meat to their vessels. Fifteen years after its discovery, a few mutilated deserters, who had been punished by the loss of their ears, their noses, and their right hands, were set on shore at the island and left to shift for themselves, together with a stock of partridges, pheasants, poultry and wild fowl, whose increase it was thought might suffice for their maintenance. They were further supplied with a number of fruit trees and vegetables, and admonished to live at peace with each other and to cultivate the soil.

In the course of a very few years, under the careful management of these unfortunates, the resources of the island had wonderfully increased, and for every vessel that touched there, was found abundance of vegetables and fresh provisions. In those days scurvy was the all-destroying pestilence of the sea; and we may easily conceive the value to navigators of a place in the centre of the vast Atlantic, where the means of speedy and certain cure were always to be obtained. Thus it was that St. Helena became a sort of marine hospital, where the passing ships were wont to leave their sick on the voyage out, and to call for them on their return. Another advantage, scarcely less important, was the convenience the island afforded as a rendezvous for merchant ships waiting for convoy and protection in time of war, before venturing within the track of hostile cruisers and privateers.

The Portuguese navigators monopolised the advantages of St. Helena for more than four-score years, before it was visited by an English ship. It was in June, 1588, that Sir Thomas Cavendish, on his return from a voyage round the world, sighted the island. He found it abounding in live stock; and, though he says nothing of the inhabitants, he describes a church standing in a valley, "extremely pleasant, and so full of fruit trees and excellent plants, that it seemed like a very fair and well-cultivated garden, having long rows of lemon, orange, citron, pomegranate, date, and fig-trees, delighting the eye with blossoms, green fruit and ripe all at once." Cavendish remained at the island twelve days.

In the year 1600, the East India Company was incorporated, and the vessels of the English now frequently called at St. Helena. The Portuguese abandoned the island about this time, in favour of other settlements on the western coast of Africa, and the Dutch took possession of it; but in 1651 they also withdrew, and established themselves at the Cape of Good Hope. The East India Company now laid hands upon it, as a sort of mid station for their merchantmen. A few years later, they erected fortifications on the accessible part of the coast, calling them by the name of Fort James, in compliment to the Duke of York, afterwards James II. In 1672, the Dutch once more got possession of the island by stratagem; but the English re-took it by force in the following year, and repaid the stratagem of the Dutch by another; for, hoisting Dutch colours, they decoyed six Dutch merchantmen richly laden into the harbour, and took four of them.

The island was now formally granted to the East India Company, under a new charter; people were invited to settle upon it, and lands assigned them. The whole area of the island being, however, but thirty thousand acres, not one-third of the size of the smallest county in England, and nearly one half of that being barren rock, all the holders of land were compelled to cultivate it within six months, under penalty of forfeiting their holdings. A governor was appointed, with a salary of £100 a year, and a public table was kept from the produce of lands set apart for the purpose. Some notion may be formed of the company who sat down to it, from the opinion of the governor, which it may be presumed took

effect as a bye-law, "that nobody ought to sit at table with him that is not cleanly dressed, or that is drunk."

The settlers prospered and multiplied, and the island has continued under English rule up to the present time. Of the inhabitants, not more than one-third, however, are Europeans, though they are between four and five thousand in all, including Africans, Lascars, and even Chinese. Slavery long prevailed in St. Helena; but in the year 1818 it was decreed that all children born of slave women, from and after Christmas day of that year, should be free. Complete emancipation for all followed some years later.

The climate of St. Helena is, on the whole, exceedingly healthy, the rate of mortality being lower than it is in England, and having been in some years as low as one per cent. Owing to the various levels of the cultivable land ranging from a little above the sea level to the height of 2500 feet, nearly everything that will grow anywhere will grow there, provided it be planted on a suitable level. It does not follow, however, that all that grows will bear fruit: thus, gooseberry and currant trees, though they run to a large size and turn evergreens, refuse to yield at all; and all those fruit-bearing trees which depend on bees for impregnation must be equally barren, for bees, though imported, will not live on the island. Grapes, figs, oranges, and lemons flourish in the valleys, and all kinds of culinary vegetables are raised in abundance. Cherries will not grow, but the blackberry overran the whole island soon after it was introduced. English cattle and sheep do well; rabbits and game are numerous; and neither frog, toad, nor snake is to be found.

On approaching St. Helena from the sea, it presents the appearance of an abrupt and rugged rock. A nearer approach brings to view the high lands in the centre, which, being mostly covered with verdure, have a more agreeable aspect. A still nearer approach shuts all these favourable features out of sight, and there is nothing for the eye to rest on but craggy and stupendous cliffs. It is this near view that is shown in the engraving. To the left of the picture is Fort James, with the town lying behind it; and on the cliffs above are the barracks and military station, communicating with the fort by a ladder-like flight of steps down the precipitous cliff.

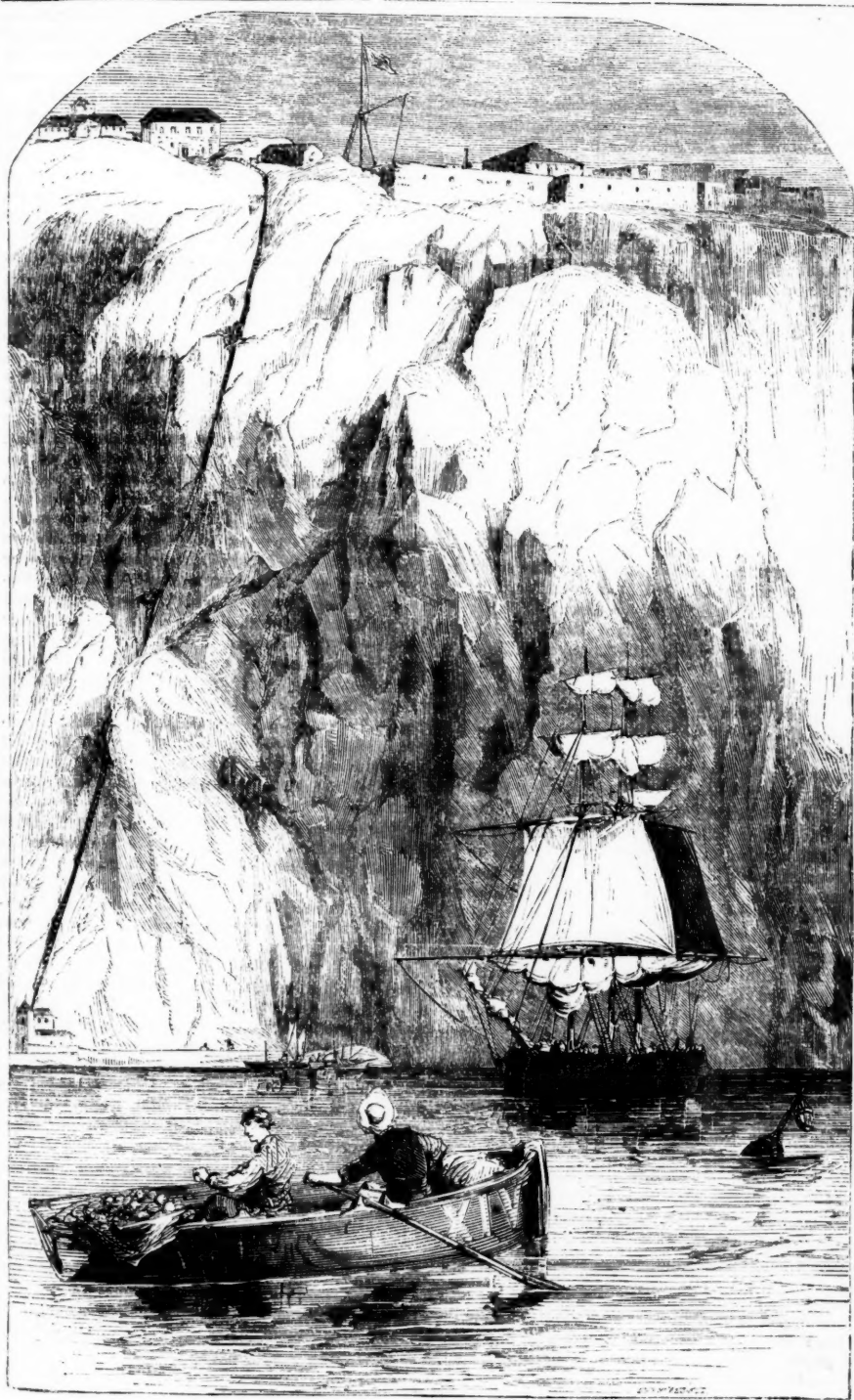
The event which has given an historical celebrity to the island of St. Helena, was the six years' residence of the fallen Emperor Napoleon upon this solitary rock. By virtue of a convention signed at Paris, August the 20th, 1815, between the four allied powers, the person of Bonaparte was intrusted to the English government, and commissioners were appointed by France, Russia, and Austria to reside at St. Helena, whither it had been determined to convey him. The main responsibility of this onerous charge rested upon Sir Hudson Lowe, a British officer of tried bravery and discretion; and never did a man pay dearer for an honour conferred upon him by his country. It was the object of Bonaparte at St. Helena to represent himself to the whole world in the character of a persecuted and tortured prisoner. Finding that escape from the island, either by fraud or force, was impossible, he sought to raise an outcry against

the man whose fate it was to play the part of his gaoler, and whose sole crime, in reality, was his fidelity to the British government. Seconded by his adherents and companions at Longwood, Napoleon was but too successful in such endeavours: the alleged barbarities of Sir Hudson Lowe were trumpeted all over the world; they formed the burden of every communication between the household at Longwood and their friends in Europe, and were the theme of everlasting complaint to the visitors at Longwood. In course of time these unfounded slanders took effect; Sir Hudson began to be regarded as a harsh and cruel tyrant, and his name was loaded with scorn and opprobrium, both here and on the Continent. Napoleon's complaints were many, and the most unscrupulous means were resorted to, to give them the appearance of being well founded. He complained, for instance, of being debarred from the means of exercise, and would not stir out of doors for a considerable time, because he was not permitted to travel beyond certain limits, embraced within a circumference of twelve miles, without the presence of an English officer. He thought, by remaining within doors, to obtain a relaxation of the rule; and if he had obtained that, it is now pretty certain that he would have concocted an escape, and in all probability have succeeded in putting it into execution. Sir Hudson would not alter the regulations of the government, and hence the hatred of Napoleon.

Another complaint was want of provisions and the necessities of life; and it was industriously circulated abroad, that the emperor had been obliged to break up and sell his plate to meet the deficiency. What were the facts? The British governor allowed £12,000 a year for the expenses of the household of the prisoner. The consumption of wine monthly was upwards of 1250 bottles of the choicest kinds (being over forty bottles a day), besides 400 bottles of malt liquors per quarter. The daily consumption, or rather waste, of beef alone was thirty pounds, which was boiled into rags for soup; and the supply of other viands was in equal abundance. It is true that Napoleon did break up a quantity of plate and sell it; but it is also true that, at the very time he did so, he had thirty thousand pounds in his possession, and could have obtained any further amount he chose to ask for by a stroke of his pen; the breaking up of the plate was done for the sake of the effect it would have in Europe.

The odium under which Sir Hudson Lowe lived and died, in consequence of his relations with the ex-emperor, was due to the fact that all the histories of the captivity of Napoleon which had appeared, until very lately, were written by men bitterly hostile to Sir Hudson, and having a personal quarrel with him. The "Voice from St. Helena" was the revenge of O'Meara upon the man whom he believed to have been the cause of his dismissal from the post of physician to Napoleon, and from the British naval service. The work of Las Casas lies under a like suspicion; for Las Casas was sent away from the island by Sir Hudson, for having persisted in infringing the rules laid down to insure the safe custody of his idol, and he vilified, out of revenge, the man who had dismissed him. As for Montholon, he was fre-





THE LADDER OF ST. HELENA, WITH THE FORT AND GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

quently convicted of mis-statements by Napoleon himself; and Antourmarchi hated Sir Hudson because Sir Hudson wanted confidence in his medical skill, and told him so.

It was not until 1853, long after the death of Sir Hudson Lowe, that, by the publication of the volumes of Mr. Forsyth, the public were put in possession of the facts of this long misrepresented history. In those volumes the falsifications of O'Meara are disproved by O'Meara himself, by means of letters written by him while residing at St. Helena, to Mr. Finlaison, then a clerk in a government office. These letters are gossiping transcripts of the impressions of the hour, and are totally at variance with the assertions of the vengeful book.

It is a curious and somewhat anomalous thing that, while submitting for long years to the reproach which his enemies had fastened upon him, Sir Hudson Lowe was yet in possession of documents the publication of which would have cleared his reputation. He never did publish them, however, and that is really the greatest fault that can be fairly alleged against him. It may be that he was not exactly the man to deal with the conqueror of the world—that he wanted courtly polish and diplomatic tact; but he did his duty honestly and faithfully, as well towards Napoleon as towards his own government. Of that, thanks to Mr. Forsyth, there can be no longer any doubt.

Napoleon died on May the 5th, 1821, and on the 8th his body was interred in a spot of his own selecting, overhung by a weeping willow, in St. Helena's Valley. But St. Helena was not destined to be the last resting-place of the ashes of Napoleon. We all know the history of their removal, and with what pomp and circumstance they were received in Paris, and deposited, amidst the tears and acclamations of the representatives of the entire nation, in the gorgeous tomb of the Invalides.

St. Helena still retains, and is likely to retain, its usefulness as a kind of half-way house in the broad high-road of the Atlantic. True, it has long ceased to be needed as a marine hospital, seeing that the scurvy, once the scourge of our fleets, is almost banished from our vessels by the use of those precautions which sanitary science has taught us to make use of; but, since the rise and spread of steam navigation, it has derived new importance from the facilities it affords as a coal dépôt for the convenience of steamers running between British ports and the great Australian continent or the Indian and Chinese seas.

## AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE HIGH ALPS.

LETTER THE SECOND.

*"Innsbruck, Sept. 13th, 1857.*

"My dear Father and Mother,

"We have very often, and more than most people, had cause to praise God for his wonderful acts of mercy and loving-kindness, but have never yet experienced such a marvellous instance of his mercy in preserving life as I have now to record. We have been thinking how you would all join in the thanksgiving prayer to-day,

could you have known that about forty-eight hours since I fell about eighty feet down the crevasse of a huge glacier, in one of the wildest passes of the Alps, and, after remaining there more than three hours, was taken out comparatively unhurt!

"I am bound to tell you all the particulars of this adventure, were it only to make known the circumstances of such a preservation as few, I think, have ever heard of, and which is really little short of miraculous. I must go at once to the scene of the accident. We were ascending one of the largest Alpine glaciers, on Friday about one o'clock; I thought the path was becoming dangerous, but trusted to the guide (an old chamois-hunter). There was a huge sloping surface of snow, wet and yielding to the pressure of the foot. I had observed several crevices or clefts running across the glacier, and looking very dangerous, being in some places open and apparent, while in others they were bridged over with snow. One of these we had leaped over, the guide first carefully examining the sides before approaching the brink. We were walking on, very cautiously of course, and came to another yawning crevasse about a hundred feet deep, but snowed over in the face of us. The guide felt for a good footing, and strode over; I trod in his footsteps, but all in a moment found myself falling heavily, crashing down deeper and deeper, as into an abyss, clutching helplessly about, and whirled over, sometimes head foremost, not through the air as over a precipice, but with something striking and crashing against me on all sides. The sensation was that of rushing to destruction into some awful depth below. How long this continued I cannot tell; but with intense astonishment I found myself suddenly stopped, and on my feet, which were squeezed in rather tightly between the wedge-shaped side of the cleft, and on a piece of hard snow.

"As soon as I could partially collect my thoughts I looked up, and a long way above me—seventy or eighty feet at least—I could see the small aperture through which I had fallen, and W. and the guide looking down. Even at that distance I could distinguish on the countenance of the latter an expression of terror, which, with his wailing cries, almost unnerved me. 'How long can you live there?' were the first words I remember hearing. Followed by the question, 'What sort of a place is it?' It was a comfort to hear W.'s voice, which, though almost agonized, was quite calm and composed compared with the wild cries of the guide. He then said, 'What can we do?' Of course I answered, 'Send for a rope,' though I could not tell how many moments the support of my feet would bear me.

"As I looked around and up, the first consciousness of having been spared from death was succeeded by the dread of a more lingering and terrible death before me. The instinctive thoughts of 'how to get out,' were speedily crushed by the sight of the horrible prison in which I found myself. I was in a deep, narrow crevice or fissure of the solid glacier; the great walls of ice were worse than perpendicular, for they curved slightly, and were hard and polished as blocks of crystal. One or two desperate thoughts of squeezing myself upwards by pressing my back and knees against

the opposite sides—of getting my alpenstock down and forcing myself up by the help of that—crossed my mind; but the hard polished sides showed the utter hopelessness of such efforts, and convinced me that if I slipped again I might shoot down lower and lower. In a moment it was clear to me that escape by my own unaided efforts was an *utter impossibility*, and the sense of helpless imprisonment and utter inability to move from that place was quite overpowering, and something too terrible to describe.

"You will understand, I think, from all this, something of my position at that time, which was about half an hour after I fell; for, my watch being unhurt, I could note every quarter of an hour as it passed.

"My position, as I have said, was upright, but both my legs were rather twisted, thus making it difficult to keep taking steps (as on a tread-mill), for which there was just room. This slight movement was necessary as a defence against numbness. My back and one knee were pressed against the great marble-like walls of ice; above were the clusters of frozen snow and icicles sticking in great masses to the sides; and by leaning a little on one side I could see the aperture above, where the glacier cleft, though concealed by snow, was about four or five feet broad. On my right the cleft seemed to continue winding on, and the narrow black line along the bottom showed that it had split lower down than where I stood.

"When I had made all the efforts in my power, the full dangers and horrors of my situation came upon me, together with the very slight hope of escape from them; and to show the greater mercy of the preservation, I had better now enumerate them, before telling you what I did. My only hope, of course, was in help from the surface above, by a rope or whatever else the guide could convey there. There were about six hours of daylight to come; beyond that time there was scarcely a hope, for if night came on there, to say nothing of the terrors of the situation, I felt that, wearied as I was, I must be frozen to death. When I calculated from those hours, the return of the guide with help, sufficiently early to be of use, seemed scarcely reasonable. We had taken three hours and a half in ascending from the nearest habitations, a group of three or four cowherds' huts; there were only a few scattered huts for three hours more, down the valley from which we had ascended, and then a large farm-house; there, I felt, and nowhere nearer, would the guide be sure of finding a rope and men. Then the questions arose: 'Would there be a strong rope?' If not, would they think of tying poles together? would they be the right length? would they wait till morning to come? etc., etc. But, in the first place, would the guide get down there safely? He would hurry down the mountain path of loose slippery stones, and a sprained ankle or a bad fall would leave us helpless. Moreover, he had to cross that other dangerous cleft, and in his terror and nervousness, he might have fallen in there.

"Then, even if all outside were to prosper, and the men arrive in time, the danger within was fearful. One slightest heave of the glacier—such as of course must take place during the summer—would crush me in an instant between those awful

walls; or at any moment the cleft might deepen, and swallow me up beyond the reach of any creature, and consign me to a lingering and most terrible death; or the thaw, which I knew was eating the glacier on every side, and which was raining down water all round and about me, might in any instant loosen one of the great clusters of ice hanging over my head, and, if it did not fall on me, might cut me off from all communication with the outer world. All this was no work of imagination, for, as I said, the thaw was going on rapidly on every side, and the cleft showed evident marks of a gradual widening, while large pieces, like those above me, were continually falling. The utmost I could hope, therefore, was that everything would remain as it was, and that the men would arrive before night; though even then, when the rope came, I might be too benumbed to tie it on, or it might be cut through by the sharp ledges of the ice, and so break. In short, the result of every thought, hope, or fear was to show the miserable nothingness of our own efforts; how completely powerless for any good result they were; how it was the will of the Almighty alone which could decide to save or to destroy; and how utterly and entirely my life was in his hands. I bowed myself in prayer, that his will might be done in mercy to me.

"I cannot disguise the horrors of the next two hours and a half—the terror of my situation, which at times was overpowering—the feeling that I might swoon, or even fall, and slip lower and lower down; for, from the first, you will understand that I could not reasonably think of escape; and even when W. told me that the men were in sight, and that they were actually above the cleft, I could only bow my head in wonder and praise at the mercy shown to me thus far, and utter a faint cry that I might yet be spared.

"Monday, 6 A.M.—I was too tired to finish this yesterday, and have risen at five this morning to do so. Whatever thoughts and fears flashed across my mind, it was plain that the preservation of my life might depend, in some sense, on what I then did; and that, as it might be a question of how many hours or days I could last, the first thing was to try to get some food down there. It so happened, providentially as it seemed, that we had not taken our mid-day meal (for which we had brought provisions), though past the usual time for it. Providentially, too, my position was straight below the hole through which I fell, and there was the open passage I had made through the clusters of snow and ice inside. When W. asked me what was to be done, I answered, first, 'The rope;' and then, 'Send me down the food.' It was an anxious thing for both of us, you may believe, for him to drop, and for me to catch, each separate piece of bread and of meat. I was, as it were, wedged in, the ice almost pressing against my back and chest, and my feet were all but jammed in, so that I could only spread out my arms on each side, and try to stop each piece as it came shooting down past me. One or two pieces at first shot by me, beyond the reach of my hand, and fell downwards—I dared not think where—into some depths of the crevice on my right. One or two also, and half the meat, lodged on the ledge of ice some twenty feet above me; and it was

terrible to hear poor W.'s cry of disappointment when I had to give the answer, 'No,' to his question, 'Have you got that?' Then there was the fear of their striking off bits of the clustered ice and snow upon me; indeed, as it was, the roll of bread fell rather heavily at that distance.

"At last I got, I think, three small pieces of bread and a bit of meat, being about half the quantity sent down; and then came the anxious trial to send down the small flask of brandy, which was most valuable, of course, in that intense cold. W. dared hardly attempt it; but I told him to tie it to something heavier (it was only made of thin india-rubber), as more likely to fall straight. He accordingly tied it in my slippers, and it fell directly down upon my chest. Of course I treasured up all these articles of food, not knowing how long I might have to live upon them, though I was forced to take a little brandy more than once, to prevent myself getting too cold and benumbed. After receiving the food, there was another attempt to be made to alter my position; for I was becoming very much chilled, and my fingers numb, and it seemed that every effort of which I was capable I ought to make at once, as I did not know how soon I might be too frozen to move.

"Just on my left was a little higher standing-ground. A vast slab of ice had, it seemed, slid down, and become jammed in the cleft, so that its upper end made a sort of irregular floor to the cleft, about eight inches broad, and three or four feet higher than where I stood. This I thought, if I could only get on it, would be a few feet nearer to a rope, and would give me more room for moving my limbs, the cleft, of course, being slightly wider every yard nearer the top. Then, again, came an anxious consideration—it was not exactly under the aperture above; for there was a ledge of snow and icicles, ten or fifteen feet above it, which might prevent a rope or anything else reaching me, or might indeed fall down upon me. Again, the act of moving to get there might cause me to slip still further down the fearful cleft, and become hopelessly wedged in the still narrower depth below. However, the very exercise required for the movement was so valuable against the cold, that I resolved to try; and after about ten minutes of very hard and anxious efforts, placing my shoulders across instead of along the cleft, and so squeezing myself sideways and upwards, I succeeded in mounting to this higher footing. Even that, however, was so narrow, that my feet could not go across the cleft, but had to be turned each with the toes outwards; whilst one of my knees in front, and part of my back, were kept rubbing against the ice, and so adding fearfully to the cold. That was so much the greater, too, because my clothes were quite saturated, and my coat soon began to stiffen with ice.

"I had now occupation for some short time in trying to keep warm, by lifting first one foot and then the other, and by exercises with my arms. My fingers I had restored to circulation by putting them inside my shirt, thus getting the animal heat. The slippers in which the brandy had been sent down were very useful, for I put each one between that part of my body which pressed against the wall of ice, and so kept off the cold a little. Then I was in great fear about the brandy, for the flask

leaked above a certain point, and in consequence of the coldness of my fingers I had dropped the cork; and, the time passing so slowly, kept me continually looking at my watch, and calculating between hope and fear about the men coming. I felt I must take all steps possible in case of the snow falling, and cutting me off from communication with W. He continued coming to speak to me from the top when he could, but he was obliged to walk about himself to avoid being frozen. It was an intense comfort to have him near me all the time, and be able to speak to him.

"I next tried to advise W. what to do, in case of my being cut off from speaking to him when the rope came, by ice falling in or by numbness, and begged him, if he heard nothing, to send a man down with a rope, who might cut away the ice. (It appeared afterwards that they did not bring either a hatchet or a spade.) All this talking with W. was very hard work, for my loudest shouting could only just enable him to hear the words, and it was a risk for him to come close to the edge of the hole, but it was a great comfort to have him to speak to. I asked him to pray for me, and I knew that when not speaking to me he was doing *that*, which was the best way of helping me.

"About two hours had passed, when my fear of the guide's having met with some accident became so great that I consulted W. as to his returning also; for besides the danger to me if no one came, W. would be left to find his way back to the village in the dark, or pass the night in the cold and storm. But he refused to leave me; he said we must trust that 'the mercy of the Almighty was so great as not to suffer the guide to fall or be hurt.'

W. then walked to the other glacier to see if the guide had passed that safely, and came back to report that he had, for his footmarks were just seen on the other side; but the snow, he said, was falling, and soon all footsteps would be covered. I begged him to take the alpenstock, and stick it up, with a pocket handkerchief, as a signal.

"During all this time, the fearful look of the cleft above me, and the continual dripping, reminded me that a thaw was coming on, and the long waiting was very terrible. I could only again commend myself to God. Having my letters with me, I looked among them for my mother's last one, received at Saltzburg. W. also came and talked to me about it, and read some more of the last home letters to me; he then was obliged to walk about again, and said he feared he could not stand the cold much longer.

"In a few minutes he returned, saying, 'H. I believe you are saved; there are two men coming.' It was really almost too much for belief. I begged him to hail them; he did so, and said they answered him. Then a third was seen; but when I asked, as I could not resist doing, 'How far off?' the reply was, 'About half an hour's walk; and there was still all the dread of what I had feared, even with escape in view. But the great walls of the crevasse kept perfectly still, and I could only stay, quietly listening to W.'s reading to me, and bowing my head in wonder at God's mercy to me thus far.

"The men were soon on the brink, and after some minutes' delay, and much danger in being



drawn up, I found myself in the precious light of day again, and restored to poor W., who was full of joy and thanks to God for this marvellous act of mercy.

"I am obliged to stop now, as W. wants to post this letter; but what I want to impress upon you is the many circumstances which make my preservation so evidently and strikingly providential, and indeed almost miraculous. First, the fall, without instant death. Secondly, the fall without hurt. Imagine one broken limb in such a place! Thirdly, my position just under the aperture, where a rope could reach me. Fourthly, the time of day. An hour later, perhaps, would have been fatal, for a fog came on as we were walking down from the glaciers.

"I have not time for a word more; but you will yourselves have already seen sufficiently what I mean, and be rejoiced to hear how great a blessing it has already proved to us.

"Your affectionate Son,  
"H."

#### VISIT TO A POWDER MANUFACTORY.

At Waltham Abbey, not half an hour's walk from Enfield Lock, is situated the only establishment for the manufacture of powder which the Government possesses. Here dispersion, instead of concentration, is the order of the day. The necessity for complete isolation causes the factories to be distributed over a very large space of ground, and the visitor has to walk from workshop to workshop, through groves and avenues of willow and alder, as though he were visiting dispersed farm buildings rather than the different departments of the same manufacturing process. There are not perhaps more than a dozen detached buildings in the whole establishment, yet these are scattered over upwards of fifty acres of ground. To such an extent do meadows and woods and meandering canals predominate, that the idea of being in a powder-mill is entirely lost in the impression that you are walking in a Dutch landscape. The visitor who enters the great gates of the mill, impressed with a belief in the dangerous nature of the ground he is treading, is somewhat startled on finding a steam-engine at work on the very threshold of the factory, and a tall chimney smoking its pipe in what he supposed to be the vicinity of hundreds of barrels of gunpowder; but in reality these boilers and furnaces are placed many hundred feet from the mixing houses. The English Government powder is composed of seventy-five parts of saltpetre, fifteen parts of charcoal, and ten of sulphur. The ingredients being thoroughly powdered, prepared and purified, are submitted to the action of a machine which completely mixes them. The product is then conveyed by a covered boat, very much like an aldermanic gondola in mourning, some hundred yards along the canal to the incorporating houses, where the most important process of the manufacture is carried on, and where the danger of an explosion first commences. The incorporating machine is nothing more than a couple of runners or huge wheels weighing four and a half tons each, which revolve one after another on their edges in a bed of

metal supplied with a deep wooden rim, which gives it much the appearance of a huge kitchen candlestick. Into this dish the black powder is placed, together with a little water, which varies in quantity from four pints in winter, when the atmosphere is charged with moisture, to ten in the summer, when the desiccating quality of the air is very great. For four hours this pasty mass is crushed, ground, and mixed by the action of the runners. The precautions taken against explosion teach the visitor the dangerous nature of the ground he is treading. Before he puts his feet across the threshold, he must encase them in leathern boots, huge enough to fit Polyphemus, and guiltless of iron in any form whatever; even his umbrella or stick is snatched from him lest the ferule should strike fire, or accidentally drop among any part of the machinery whilst at work. The machinery is even protected against itself. In order to avoid the possibility of the pinch-pins which confine the cylinders to their axles falling down, and by the action of "skidding" the runner, producing so much friction as to cause an explosion, receptacles are formed to catch them in their fall. As small pieces of grit, the natural enemy of the powder maker, might prove dangerous if mixed with any of the "charges," the axle sockets of nearly all the wheels are constructed to expand, so as to allow any hard foreign body to pass through, just in the same manner in which the fine jaws of the larger serpents are loosely hinged to enable them to get over at one gulp such a bulky morsel as a full-grown rabbit.

Accidents will happen, however, in the best regulated mills, and provision is made for rendering an explosion, when it occurs, as innocuous as possible. The new incorporating mills are constructed with three sides of solid brick-work, three feet thick, and the fourth side and roof of corrugated iron and glass lightly adjusted. As they are placed in a row contiguous to each other, the alternate ones only face the same way, so that the line of fire, or the direction the explosion would take through the weakest end, would not be likely to involve in destruction the neighbouring mill. It does occasionally happen, however, that the precautions are not sufficient to prevent danger spreading. In the great explosion which took place in 1842 a second house was fired at a couple of hundred yards distance from the spot where the original explosion took place. There is now a further security against the houses going one after another, like houses of cards. Over each mill a copper tank, containing about forty gallons of water, is so suspended that on the lifting of a lever it instantly discharges its contents and floods the mill. This shower or douche-bath is made self-acting, inasmuch as the explosion itself pulls the string, the force of the expanding gas lifting up a hinged shutter which acts like a trigger to let down the water. "But," it may be said, "as the water does not fall until the explosion has taken place, this contrivance is very like locking the stable door when the steed is stolen!" And this is the case with respect to the mill where the original mischief took place; but the lever first acted upon discharges the shower bath over the heads of all the others also, and by this means the evil is limited to the place where it originated.

From the incorporating mills the kneaded powder, or "mill cake," as it is termed, is taken by another funeral-looking gondola to small expense magazines, where it is allowed to remain for twelve hours before being taken to the breaking-down house. Here the hard lumps of mill cake are ground into fine powder by the action of fine-toothed rollers made of gun-metal, which revolve towards each other and crush the cake, which falls between them to dust. The broken-down mill cake once more travels between pleasant meadows fringed with willow, until it reaches the press-house, where the meal is subjected to hydraulic pressure between plates of gun-metal, and is thereby reduced to dense plates about half an inch thick. These plates are allowed to remain intact for a couple of days, by which time they become as hard as a piece of fine pottery. Very many advantages are gained by this pressure. The density of the powder is increased, which enables it to be conveyed without working, into fine dust; its keeping qualities are improved, as it absorbs less moisture than if it were more porous; and lastly, a greater volume of inflammable gas is produced from a given bulk. The pressed cake is now transferred to the maw of one of the most extraordinary machines we have yet witnessed. The granulating house, where the important process of dividing the powder into fine grains takes place, is removed very far away from the other buildings. The danger of the operation carried on within is implied by the strong traverse fifteen feet thick at the bottom, which is intended to act as a shield to the workmen in case of an accident. It was here an explosion took place in 1843, by which eight workmen lost their lives—in what manner no one knows, as all the evidence was swept away. To render the recurrence of such lamentable accidents as rare as possible, the machine is made self-acting. At certain times of the day it is supplied with food, in the shape of fifteen hundred-weight of "pressed cake." This is stuffed into a large hopper or pouch, and the moment the monster is ready, the men retire beyond the strong traverse and allow it slowly to masticate its meal, which it does with a deliberation worthy of its ponderosity and strength, emptying its pouch by degrees, and by a triturating process performed by two or three sets of fine rollers, dividing it into different sized grains. These grains it passes through a series of wire sieves, separating the larger ones fitted for cannon powder from the finer kind required for rifles, and depositing them in their appropriate boxes, which, when full, it removes from its own dangerous proximity, and takes up empty ones in their place. All the larger undigested pieces it returns again, like a ruminating animal, to its masticating process, until its supply is exhausted. Then, and not till then, like Mademoiselle Jeck, the famous elephant, it rings a bell for some fresh "cake." The workmen allow it about five minutes' grace to thoroughly assimilate the supply already in its maw when the machine stops, and they enter with another meal. The floors of all the different houses are covered with leather, neatly fastened down with copper nails, and the brush is never out of the hands of the workman: even while you are talking to him, he sweeps away in the gravest manner in order to remove any par-

ticles of powder or grit that may be on the floor; this he does mechanically, when not a particle of anything is to be seen, just as a sailor in a crack ship always holystones the deck, clean or dirty, the moment he has any spare time.

The produce of this establishment, which had fallen so low as 4500 barrels per annum in 1843, is now so increased by improved machinery that 20,000 barrels a-year can be manufactured, and of the very best quality. Even this supply is far below the consumption during a time of war, and contractors have, and always will have, to furnish a portion of the required supplies; but it seems that a model mill is useful for the double purpose of keeping up a due standard of quality, and of keeping down price. On the uniform strength of the powder depends the accuracy of artillery fire: hence the necessity of having some known standard of quality from which contractors should not be allowed to depart. The improvements which have taken place in the manufacture are very marked. About the year 1790, when powder was supplied to Government wholly by contract, the regulation weight of charge for a cannon was half the weight of the ball; it is now less than one-third: therefore two barrels are now used instead of three, a reduction of bulk which economises stowage on board ship as well as in the field. Formerly powder had a range of 190 feet only; the range is now increased to 268 feet! This vast improvement is simply the consequence of the care with which the powder is worked, and the attention bestowed on every detail of the mills.\*

#### THE SAFFRON BAG.

IN a sunny little bay-window, looking out upon the bright blue sea, sat a youth with a pile of books before him—Greek and Latin, with a tiny volume of Longfellow's poems lying open on the top, as though to give a touch of poetry and imagination in our own tongue to some of the dry works beneath. Their owner was now leaning back in his chair, not exactly asleep, for he was aware of all that was passing before his eyes; and not exactly awake, for had you asked him to construe a passage from one of the authors he had been studying all the morning, the probability is that he would have construed it wrong; and had you requested him to solve a problem of Euclid, he would infallibly have stumbled over the Ass's Bridge. A college examination was pending over him, and, fully alive to the importance of passing through it creditably, he was now endeavouring by unwon'ted exertion to remedy the results of days, weeks, nay months of idleness.

But the human brain is not quite like a steam-engine, that can be made to work at double, triple, and quadruple speed, and is none the worse at its journey's end, provided it has not blown up on the way. No: man's mind more resembles the noble steed, that may be reduced to perfect obedience, or be utterly wild and restive, but that cannot be overtaken without danger to itself or its owner. There are few things which affect more our future happiness and success in this world than the habit

\* From the "Quarterly Review," for January, 1858.

of saying, "Oh, I shall do this directly; I shall learn that in no time;" the result too often being that what is put off to-day is never done to-morrow; or, if done, is accomplished so imperfectly, and at such a cost of pain and discomfort, that the luckless individual only looks back upon his past labours with weariness and disgust; whereas, properly accomplished, their benefit would have been lasting, and they would have brought with them a constant source of interest and amusement.

Our young student was reduced to a somewhat similar state. Morning after morning had he sat in that pleasant window poring over his books, till his head ached, and his brain seemed all confused; and then he would look out for a moment on the ever-changing sea, and mark the little fishing skiffs as they moved lazily along. How he longed to be out on the broad sea too, with the rudder in his hand and the white sails flapping over his head. How he watched the sea gull, now dipping in the wave, now perching on the weedy shore, till he almost envied the bird its happiness and freedom. Then wearily he turned again to his books, though in his heart he wished them at the bottom of the sea, and invariably resolved that, the examination once over, he would never open them again.

On the day on which we introduce this weary youth to our readers, he was more than usually exhausted and depressed; and after flinging a Horace to the ground in a fit of despair, and in vain trying to soothe his overtasked brain with Longfellow's ringing melodies, he lay back in his chair, worn and exhausted, neither asleep nor awake.

Presently a merry laugh struck upon his ear from the other end of the room, and he looked round. A little chubby child was sitting on the floor, tugging with her tiny hands at the neck of a large Newfoundland dog; then dog and child rolled over on the carpet together, his cold nose came into her hand, he licked the little fingers, the great black tail wagged within an inch of her face, and she laughed and crowed again, as they played and tumbled together, while the dog looked as if he would have laughed too, if he only could. It was a happy sight to see so much innocent joy, and a smile was reflected on the youth's face as he watched them.

"Why, Minnie," said he, his mind still reverting to the conquerors of the world, whose history and whose works he had been studying so deeply, "the Romans would say, 'Dormivit in sacco croci.'"

"I do not care, cousin, what the Romans would say," replied the child, suddenly stopping in her game of play, and fixing her large round eyes upon his face; "but I wish you would not tease me by saying what I do not understand."

"Well, Minnie, it means, 'He has slept in a saffron bag.'"

"Then I'm certain that is not true," replied the little lady, bridling up; "for saffron is quite yellow, and I am sure I am not. You always told me that I was as red as a cherry-cheeked apple; and Juno is quite black. I wish you would say what you do mean."

"Well, Minnie, I meant that the old Romans, you say you do not care about, fancied that saffron made people merry; and so, when they saw any

one laughing, as you were just now, they said he had slept in a saffron bag."

"Then I wish, cousin, you would get into a saffron bag to-night, and then perhaps you would laugh again as you used to do."

"But I am grown older now, Minnie, and wiser, and have something else to do besides laughing."

He looked at the books before him, and sighed; then with an effort turning the sigh into a sickly smile, he added: "If you had all these books to read, my little lady, you would not be so ready for a game of romps with Juno."

The child looked very hard at him for a moment, and then answered slowly: "I don't see, cousin, why books are to make people cross and stupid. Grandpapa reads more than anybody else, and such hard books, and he does a great many other things besides; but still, when Juno goes up to him and puts her nose into his hand, he has always time to stop and pat her, or to give me a kiss when I scramble upon his knees and sit down upon his book."

The little maiden clapped her hands with glee, and laughed again as she thought of the pranks she had played her white-haired grandfather.

"And am I cross and stupid, Minnie?" said the young man after a pause, "so unlike what I used to be? And must I," he added inwardly, "gain intellectual knowledge at the expense of all the kindlier feelings of the heart? I was loved once, and now the very dog that used to be my constant companion has found another playfellow. Juno, Juno," he continued aloud, "do you, too, think your old master so changed? Come here;" and he patted his knee encouragingly.

Juno looked at him doubtfully, and faintly wagged his tail, but did not move a step forwards. Her blandishments had lately been so often roughly repulsed by the young man, that she now feared to come to him, and stood eyeing him wistfully.

The student turned his face away, and gazed sadly on the bright blue sea; he knew that the dog and child were right, that he was cross and changed, fretful and irritable, yet he laid the blame, not where it was due—on himself—but on the innocent Greeks and Romans he had so long neglected.

But he was not left long to meditate. A little cheek was pressed against his own, and a tiny pair of arms encircled his neck. "Minnie did not mean to vex you, cousin," was whispered in his ear; "but if you could get into the saffron bag! Oh! Herby, do try."

"I must find how I got out of it first, little one," he replied, fondly stroking down her glossy curls. "I begin to think I must have made a mistake somehow, though I am not quite clear where. One thing is certain—I must work hard now, even if it does make me stupid, to make up for lost time. Lost time! Ay, I do believe that was how I got out of the saffron bag. If I had done more then, I need have worked less now, and perchance had a clearer head into the bargain, and time for a game of play with you and Juno, Minnie."

Cousin Herbert, you have hit the truth, though it was but a little child that showed you the way. If we would have a cheerful and contented heart,

we should always remember to do the right thing at the right time. Let each day's duty be accomplished in the day, and not put off till to-morrow. To-morrow has enough to occupy itself, without laggart yesterday stepping into its place. Be they active, or be they passive, there are duties for every hour, and we shall but irritate ourselves and weary others, if we attempt to overturn this order fixed by God himself. The present is our own, the future is his; and in nine cases out of ten we shall keep a light heart while we remember this; and shall need no saffron bag to make us go on our way rejoicing.

#### MR. RAREY AND THE ZEBRA.

MR. RAREY, the celebrated American horse-tamer, lately re-opened his school in Kimmerton Street, for one flying lecture previous to his departure for Manchester, Liverpool, and Scotland. On this occasion the little theatre was filled with the professor's most distinguished pupils, and the result of the lecture was to convince every one present that his system is perfectly sound and legitimate. The now celebrated "Cruiser" was then introduced, bearing on his body more than one mark of the injuries he had inflicted upon himself before he made Mr. Rarey's acquaintance, but now as gentle as a lamb, following his teacher about the arena like a dog, stopping when he pointed his finger, lying down when he was told, rising again when he obtained permission, and doing all this in a mild, good-humoured sort of way, as if the wish to oblige was the sole ruling motive, and that the now docile Cruiser was unaware that there were such things as whips or spurs in the world. Mr. Rarey exhibited the terrible array of bits and muzzles with which Cruiser's first teachers had sought to bring him to reason, and gave one or two interesting particulars of his own early interviews with the ferocious animal. Cruiser's habit, it appears, was to scream and yell when any one approached him, to smash up his stall "into lucifer matches," and to attempt to bite and destroy every living thing in his neighbourhood. When he was to be fed or watered, the first proceeding with his groom was to ascertain by thrusting a long pole in at the stable door where the enemy stood, and then to deposit the food, shut the door, and vanish as soon as possible. Mr. Rarey changed all this in a moment. He ordered the stable door to be thrown open, introduced himself according to his system, which is the very quintessence of Chesterfield, to his new friend without a moment's delay, and in half-an-hour the indomitable Cruiser might be ridden by a child, and could listen tranquilly to the beating of a drum.

But the great novelty of the day was the introduction of the zebra of the African desert, the latest pupil in Mr. Rarey's school, and one with which, although he ultimately expects to drive him through Hyde Park, he yet makes his account to have a great deal of trouble. The specimen introduced was the most beautiful four-footed beast we have ever seen, with his perfect symmetry of form, bright glossy coat of the richest cinnamon and deepest black, and a pair of eyes that flashed lurid fire as he made his appearance in the lists. This pupil is still only in the rudiments, and yells out his "*Propria quæ maribus*" in a most uncivilized manner when politely requested to go through his task. But he does it nevertheless, lies down when he is told—though not with the grace and readiness of his more civilized school-fellows—turns over with a helpless whine of despair and sense of subjugation, and

finally admits that even he, the hitherto untameable steed of the desert, has at length found a firm although gentle master. There was something positively unearthly in the scream with which he saluted the company, and the fact of the barricade being only breast-high set at least one person who was present about making nervous calculations as to his probable stock of agility. As he lay upon the ground he kept up a low whining soliloquy, which a person acquainted with the Houynhnm language might, no doubt, have translated, "It would give me intense gratification to devour this fellow where he stands, and to kick these impertinent lookers-on immediately afterwards, but, unfortunately, there is no 'justice for zebras' now-a-days, so I have nothing for it but to lie quiet, and to behave myself henceforth and for ever like a civilized quadruped and a gentleman." A strong colour of probability was given to this translation by the subsequent conduct of this beautiful and now subdued demon. He retired slowly and with dignity, rather sad than sulky in his deportment, gave only one flying scream as he passed through his stable door, had one gentle nip at the groom who held it open for him, and subsequently permitted a lady of distinction, who was present, to stroke him down as he lay in his stable exhausted after his recent exertions, or, possibly, conning over his lesson against the next instruction day.—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

#### WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN ?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me?  
"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."
2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?  
"Every man shall give account of *himself* to God."
3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ?  
"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"
4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?  
"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."
5. Is it because I fear that I am too great a sinner?  
"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."
6. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not "hold out?"  
"He that hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."
7. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?  
"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, *he is guilty of all.*"
8. Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason?  
"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."
9. Is it because I am trying to save myself by morality, or in any other way of *my own*?  
"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."
10. Is it because I do not clearly see the way to be saved?  
"Repent ye, and believe the gospel." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

RELIGION AND A HEALTHY MIND.—Dr. Ray, in the Report of the Butler Hospital in Rhode Island for the Insane, says:—"I believe—and it is in some measure the result of considerable observation of various psychological states—that in this age of fast living, nothing can be relied upon more surely for preserving the healthy balance of the mental faculties than an earnest, practical conviction of the great truths of Christianity."